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## HOW THE PAWNEE CAPTURED THE CHEYENNE MEDICINE ARROWS

By GEORGE A. DORSEY

### INTRODUCTION

It is commonly known that there exists in each of several plains tribes of Indians an object or group of objects held in great veneration and known as the tribal "medicine." Thus, among the Kiowa the tribal medicine is an image known as the *taime*; among the Omaha it is a large shell; among the Arapaho it is a pipe; among the Cheyenne it is four arrows, one painted red, another white, another yellow, and the fourth black. These arrows are supposed to be in the keeping of a member of the tribe in Oklahoma. As a matter of fact the hereditary keeper of the Cheyenne medicine guards only three of the original four arrows—the black arrow being missing. Neither by the Cheyenne nor by students is it generally known that the entire medicine of the Cheyenne was captured by Pawnee about sixty years ago. The story of this capture is still well known among the Pawnee, and I present herewith two versions of the fight which resulted so disastrously for the Cheyenne. Both accounts are given as recorded from the old Skidi informants, and while there is considerable difference in the amount of detail given in the two stories, it will be seen that they differ only in one important particular, viz., the number of arrows (two or three) which were placed upon the "Morning-Star bundle."

In addition to the general historical interest of the two tales, is the insight into certain fundamental traits of character, typical of the two tribes involved.

### FIRST VERSION

Many, many years ago, when the Pawnee had their permanent village upon the Loup river in Nebraska, they went to the southwest on a hunt.

When they came to the Platte river they saw many buffalo upon

the hills. They made their camp upon the Platte river. Then the men got upon their ponies and they went and attacked the buffalo. After they had attacked the buffalo and the people had all scattered out, each man running after his buffalo, the hunters were attacked by the Cheyenne, Arapaho, and some other tribes.

Finally, the Pawnee got together by a general alarm that was given. The Pawnee were being driven out of their village. The head-chief's name at this time was Big-Eagle, and he was the keeper of the Morning-Star bundle.

He had not gone out to kill buffalo, but had stayed at home. When he saw that the people were being driven out of the village, he caught a little spotted pony that he had, then went into his tipi and took therefrom his head-dress, with an eagle feather on it. This he put upon his head, placed strings of wampum beads around his neck, and placed two medals upon his breast. Then he put on his scalp leggings and black moccasins. He then went out to the battle-field.

When he got there, he saw that his people had given way. He rode up and stopped them, and he saw one man coming behind all the others, on foot. Big-Eagle rode up, checked the enemy, put the man upon the pony behind him, took him out, placed him in a thicket of reeds, and went back to the battle-ground. He passed between the two lines of battle.

In the village was another man, who was sickly, and who asked his relatives to take him out to the battle-field, saying he preferred to fight and get killed in battle rather than to die through sickness. So his friends placed him upon a blanket, took him out to the battle-ground, and placed him in front of his own people's battle-line, and they gave him a bow and spread his arrows out in front of him.

The Cheyenne now made a determined effort and tried to capture this man, but they could not. Among the Cheyenne was a medicine-man and chief, who, it seems, came up along the battle-line and asked the Cheyenne warriors if anybody had taken the man sitting in front of the battle-line. He was told that nobody had touched him. The Cheyenne warrior rode up, having only the wonderful spear, and as he approached the sick man who was

sitting in front, he reached out with his spear to pierce it through the body of the sick man ; but it seems that he did not get in quite far enough to push the spear into the man ; but the sick man sitting there reached out and grasped the spear, and it was very easy to snatch it out of the hands of the Cheyenne warrior.

A coyote hide was wrapped upon this spear. About the middle of the spear was a bundle, and in this bundle were the four sacred medicine-arrows of the Cheyenne.

The sick man, on examining the spear, saw that it was something sacred. He turned back to his people and told them that he had something there that he thought was very sacred to the Cheyenne ; that they must try to get it away. So they all rushed up, and one of the sick man's relatives took the spear, Big-Eagle all the time fighting in front. So the Cheyenne lost their sacred arrows at this battle.

After the battle was over, Big-Eagle was given two arrows, the black and the red arrow, while the yellow and the white arrow were given to another man, who had another sacred bundle.

Every year after that the Cheyenne came and visited the Pawnee, and would ask for Spotted-Horse, but they really meant Big-Eagle ; for Big-Eagle had done most of the fighting in that battle. The Cheyenne invited the Pawnee to visit them, and prevailed upon them to bring their arrows with them. But the old chief was too sharp for them, and he carried only the red arrow, keeping the black one, which he thought meant more than all the other arrows put together.

And it seems that he was right, for when they got into the Cheyenne country the Cheyenne had gathered five or six other tribes, and when they got into the circle they asked to see the arrows. Big-Eagle took out the red arrow and placed it in front of them, and suddenly a man jumped up from behind, picked up the arrow, and escaped with it.

Many ponies were given to the Pawnee, but they did not take them home. One of the arrows, the black one, was never given up, and it is still kept in the Morning-Star bundle. The white and the yellow arrow were captured by the Cheyenne sometime afterward.

## SECOND VERSION

Long ago, when the Skidi were on the hunt they were attacked by Cheyenne warriors. The Skidi were much frightened, for there were many men on the Cheyenne side; but the Skidi men went out to the battle-field. They found out that they had as many men as the Cheyenne. The battle was hard fought. Neither the Cheyenne nor the Skidi gave way. The battle went on. The Skidi women were heard to give their war-cry to give courage to the young men who for the first time had joined in battle.

A man was sitting in a tipi who had been sick for many months, and he was covered with sores, so that he was not able to join in the battle. These sores had bothered him for many months. He sat there, thinking, and he made up his mind that it would be better for him to be killed in battle than to be thus disabled and packed around in their journeys. So the sick man sent for his brothers and uncles and told them of what he intended to do. He took off his robe and showed the sores to his relatives, telling them that he had had those sores for many months and that the medicines he was taking from the medicine-men did not seem to help him. The next thing for him to do, he thought, was to have these men place him upon a robe, with a man at each corner of the robe, and to lift him and carry him to the battle, placing him about fifteen feet from the line of the Skidi, so that he would be exposed to the arrows and gun-shots from the enemy. Finally, his brothers were to place in front of him many arrows, giving him the strongest bow that they could find.

The relatives of the sick man, seeing his sores, thought that the man was right in wanting to be killed in preference to being laid up gradually to die. So these men placed the sick man upon a robe; they lifted him and carried him to the line of battle and placed him about fifteen feet from the Skidi line. This man's condition was such that he could not stand up. His relatives gave him a bow and spread many arrows in front of him, so that he need not walk for them.

The Cheyenne seemed to be inclined to make an attack on the Skidi line about this time. All the men on the Cheyenne side

gave the war-cry and made a rush at the Skidi side, so that the Skidi ran, leaving the sick man behind. In the meantime, the sick man had gathered his arrows and had shot them so swiftly at the Cheyenne that they had not touched him.

While the Skidi were running toward the village they met their chief, who was known as "Big-Eagle," and among the Cheyenne was known as "Spotted-Horse." Big-Eagle turned his men and led them back, and when the Cheyenne saw the Skidi coming back at them, they ran. The Skidi again took their places on the north side, the sick man still in front, and the Cheyenne on the south side. Big-Eagle ran his pony between the two lines, riding back and forth, now and then chasing back a Cheyenne who had dared to come out from their line. Big-Eagle had killed several Cheyenne and had counted coup on them. The Cheyenne saw that Big-Eagle was a tall man, that there was no fear in him and that he was a wonderful man. His hair was roached, he had a prominent nose, wore scalp leggings, black moccasins, and a red shirt made of stroud-ing, and he had wampum about his neck and a Government medal upon his breast; he also had many ear-bobs in his ears. The only thing upon his head was an eagle-feather. The Cheyenne knew from the appearance of Big-Eagle that he must be a chief. Big-Eagle rode a spotted pony. The spotted pony was a small one, but its body was quite long. As Big-Eagle seemed to do all the fighting alone, it seems that the Cheyenne chief had given his word that whosoever should strike, kill, and scalp Big-Eagle should be the head-chief of all the Cheyenne. So all the Cheyenne gave the war-whoop, encouraging one another to try to get the honor of having hit Big-Eagle. As they fought now the Skidi were on the north side in a row extending from east to west, and the Cheyenne were on the south side extending from east to west, the sick man sitting in front of the west end of the Skidi line, so that Big-Eagle really could not protect the sick man, for when he was on the east end, some of the Cheyenne would attempt to strike the sick man.

While Big-Eagle was on the east end, one of the Cheyenne came out, dressed differently from the others, and carried a spear. The spear was made of a long stick with an iron point at one end. The stick was painted with white clay, and a small bundle with a

coyote hide cover was tied close to the iron point. It seems that this Cheyenne, when he came out from the line, asked if the sick man had been struck. Everybody on the Cheyenne side said, "Yes, he has been struck," for it seems that the Cheyenne, knowing that this man carried the Cheyenne spear with the wonderful arrows on it, did not want him to attack the sick man, for fear he would lose the spear and the arrows. Nevertheless, the Cheyenne with the spear ran his pony toward the sick man, and the sick man, it seems, was not noticing, but the people on his side yelled for him to look out, and when he looked up, the Cheyenne was close upon him, holding out the spear to touch him. The sick man reached out and caught the spear, and as the horse turned around to go back to the Cheyenne line, the Cheyenne could not very well pull the spear away from the sick man. The Cheyenne had either to fall from his pony and be killed or give up the spear, so the sick man got the spear. The sick man turned around to the Skidi and said, "This spear must be a wonderful spear; come and get it, some of you." So about this time Big-Eagle went by the sick man and took the spear, which had been stuck in the ground by the sick man. Big-Eagle handed the spear to one of his relatives for him to take home. Big-Eagle returned to the battle.

The Cheyenne now fought more furiously, trying to capture their spear again, but the Skidi fought more fiercely, killing many Cheyenne. When Big-Eagle went back and rode down between the two lines, the Cheyenne all shooting at him, one of the Cheyenne came out from the line and followed Big-Eagle down toward the east end of the battle-lines, holding out his stick, trying to touch him—all this time Big-Eagle watching. When Big-Eagle thought he had the Cheyenne far from the Cheyenne line, he wheeled his pony around and struck out after the Cheyenne and ran him toward the Cheyenne line. Big-Eagle struck the Cheyenne three or four times with his quirt. Big-Eagle then turned back and went behind the Skidi, talking to them and telling them that it was time that they should attack the Cheyenne and drive them from their village. The Cheyenne in the meantime were made glad when this Cheyenne was run into the Cheyenne line, for this man told the Cheyenne that he had speared Spotted-Horse

(Big-Eagle) in the thigh and had struck him and counted coup. This seems to have been the aim of the Cheyenne—for somebody to count coup on Big-Eagle. So when the Skidi made a rush at the Cheyenne, the Cheyenne gave way; so the Skidi ran the Cheyenne away, and after they had run them very far away the Skidi turned back and went home.

Big-Eagle, on reaching home, found the spear in his house. It consisted of a long wooden shaft, wrapped with strips of otter hide, with an iron head at one end, while close to the head and wrapped about the shaft was a bundle of arrows in a coyote hide. Big-Eagle unwrapped the arrows, and as he did so one of the relatives of the sick man came in and demanded the spear. Big-Eagle told the party that he was willing to let them have the spear and one arrow. The man was satisfied with the spear and one arrow (though which one of the colored arrows it was I don't know). Big-Eagle, being keeper of the Morning-Star bundle, and as a big coyote hide is used for the cover of the Morning-Star arrows, thought that these arrows and the coyote hide would be the thing to put on the Morning-Star bundle. So Big-Eagle sent for the priests, who came to his lodge, took the Morning-Star bundle down, opened the bundle, and took from it sweet-grass and buffalo fat. Mixing these two, the priests made a fire at the southwest part of the tipi and placed the sweet-grass and fat upon the hot coals. The sacred things that were contained in the bundle were passed over the smoke and placed back in the bundle, and this coyote hide and the arrows were passed over the smoke, giving them the right to remain with the things of the Morning-Star bundle. The smoke ceremony was then gone through with the pipe, and after the ashes had been emptied out the bundle was tied up again. So the Cheyenne arrows were placed in the Morning-Star bundle.

There the arrows were kept until the next year, when the Cheyenne came back to the Skidi and said that they were messengers from the chief and priests of the Cheyenne, that they wanted to invite the Skidi warriors to the Cheyenne village, and that the Skidi should take the wonderful arrows with them. Big-Eagle doubted this very much. The Cheyenne returned to their country.

The Pawnee did not go, for they were afraid that the Cheyenne were trying to get the arrows back by strategy.

The following year, while the Skidi were upon a hunt, the sick man's relatives did not go, for the sick man was very sick. These people were the ones who received one arrow from Big-Eagle. The Cheyenne attacked the village where the sick man was, so the people fled to the timber. They left the sick man at home; the sick man was killed. The arrow was seen upon the sacred bundle, for these people had not put the arrow in the bundle as the Morning-Star people had done. Then the Cheyenne pulled the arrow out from the bundle and went away. When the people returned they found the sick man killed, the bundle there, and the arrow gone. The people were sorry that the arrow was gone, but they were glad that the bundle was there and that the Cheyenne had not taken it. These people then brought their ponies, packed up, and left the village, following up the people on the hunt.

When they got to the village, they told the people that the sick man had been killed by the Cheyenne, and that the arrow had also been captured; that it was on top of their bundle, but that the bundle was left. The people went on hunting, and when they went back into the village the Cheyenne visited them again. The Cheyenne talked nicely to the Skidi, telling them that the chief and the prophet had promised them a big reward if they would bring their arrows back, and if they could not bring all of them back, to bring one of them, and they would give many ponies for them.

So Big-Eagle made a bundle, and in this bundle he put one arrow and sent for his braves, in whose trust he put the arrow, telling them to take his place and go to the Cheyenne. The Cheyenne were on horses, while the Skidi were afoot. The Cheyenne told the Skidi that they would give them many horses when they should get to their homes and would turn the horses over to them. For many days they traveled together, the Cheyenne taking the lead on horseback, and the Skidi following. Every night the Skidi were on their guard, watching and expecting the Cheyenne to attack them at any time. The Cheyenne did not show any treachery on their part, so that the Skidi finally gave up their watching. One of the Cheyenne rode up alongside of the Skidi who carried the

bundle that had the arrow in it. Now, this bundle contained only one arrow, for Big-Eagle, expecting treachery on the part of the Cheyenne, had put only one arrow in the bundle. So the Cheyenne who rode alongside the man carrying the bundle with the arrow in it would once in a while get off from his pony and let the Skidi ride the pony while the Cheyenne carried the bundle. Several times the Cheyenne did this, so that the Skidi was entirely put off his guard. One time as they were traveling along, the Cheyenne offered to carry the bundle for the Skidi. The Skidi, being tired, thought it would be best for the Cheyenne to carry the bundle upon his pony. So the Skidi gave up the bundle. The Cheyenne carried the bundle all right and returned it to the Skidi when they stopped to eat. It seems that the Cheyenne had planned that in the afternoon the Cheyenne should again ask the Skidi that he might carry his bundle, when all the Cheyenne would be ready to whip up their ponies and run away from the Skidi, as soon as they should see that the Cheyenne had the bundle in his possession. As they were traveling, the Cheyenne rode up to the Skidi and asked him to let him carry the bundle. The Skidi gave up the bundle, and by a certain sign from the man who carried the bundle, the Cheyenne all whipped up their ponies, and, turning around, told the Skidi by signs that there were some buffalo over the hills that they were going to kill. When the Skidi climbed up on the hill they saw no buffalo, but they saw the Cheyenne at a long distance, whipping up their horses. The Skidi stopped and looked at one another, then turned back and went away.

It seems that when the Cheyenne reached their village they found only one arrow that was of any importance to them. So the chief and the prophet sent another party of warriors to invite Spotted-Horse and his people to their country, claiming that the party who had been there were of a low class of Cheyenne who were not representatives of the chief and the prophet. So these Cheyenne went to the Skidi village and gave many presents of fine robes, head-dresses, and other things to Big-Eagle as gifts from the Cheyenne chief and the prophet. The Cheyenne particularly requested Big-Eagle to go with them, as they wanted the arrows very badly and they wanted to have the ceremony, saying if Big-Eagle

would bring the arrows out there the chief and the prophet would give them many ponies and that they would let him witness the ceremony. Big-Eagle sent for his braves, and he told them of what the Cheyenne had said. One of the braves spoke and said : "Big-Eagle, you are a man, a brave man, the Skidi people all know it, the Cheyenne know you are a brave man ; let not the Cheyenne people think that Big-Eagle is a coward, that you do not want to go down to the Cheyenne country, but show to the Cheyenne people that Big-Eagle is a warrior, a brave, and a chief by going down there, and, if necessary, fight them down there and die there in their village, a brave man." Big-Eagle said : "It is well that you have spoken ; go and gather all my great warriors and tell them that we are to go and visit the Cheyenne, that the Cheyenne arrows are to be returned to the Cheyenne." So the man went and notified all the brave men of the Skidi tribe. So all the brave men gathered up their bows and arrows and had everything ready to join Big-Eagle to go to the Cheyenne country.

In the meantime Big-Eagle had the old priests meet in his lodge to have a ceremony of offering sacrifices, whether a scalp, whether a feather, or anything that belonged to the enemy. So Big-Eagle told the priests to offer a red arrow as an offering to the gods, for now he was to return the red arrow to the Cheyenne ; the black arrow he would keep in the Morning-Star bundle. So the old man offered the red pipe to the gods in the heavens, so that it [the red arrow] was just as good as being thrown away [*i. e.*, sacrificed]. This was also done to take bad luck to the Cheyenne, the enemy of the Skidi. Now the black arrow was put back in the bundle and Big-Eagle took only the red arrow this time.

Big-Eagle then told the Cheyenne he was going with them. The Cheyenne was glad. This time Big-Eagle had many warriors, and all were on ponies. Big-Eagle was careful to have guards placed out each night, so that if the Cheyenne should try to take advantage of them they would know it. The Cheyenne never tried to bother the Skidi on the way. When the party of Skidi and Cheyenne approached the Cheyenne village, the Cheyenne went into the camp and notified the chief of warriors of the arrival of the Pawnee. A war-party was got up to meet Big-Eagle. The war-party went

out and met Big-Eagle, receiving him and his people, giving sticks to Big-Eagle, the sticks representing horses. Every time a stick was given to Big-Eagle he would throw it away. When the Cheyenne asked him what he did it for, Big-Eagle said : "If the Cheyenne want to honor me, let them put the lariat [reata] upon their ponies, and let them lead their ponies to me and put the lariat in my hand ; then I will take it, then I will know that the Cheyenne are giving me a pony ; when the Cheyenne give me a stick, he says, 'I give you a pony,' but I do not know the Cheyenne, I do not see the pony ; the pony might be a wild one, it is a gift that I do not care to accept ; so I throw these sticks away."

When the Skidi were taken into the Cheyenne village the Cheyenne had built a large tipi in which the Skidi were told to make their home ; but as there was much excitement among the Cheyenne, who wished to see the arrows and to hear Big-Eagle speak, they hurried the prophet and the chief to hold a council with Big-Eagle and his people. The chief who had given the order that he who should strike Big-Eagle should be head-chief was now entertaining Big-Eagle. This Cheyenne chief told Big-Eagle that there was a certain young man in this place as chief, and he told Big-Eagle that the young man now lived in a tipi by itself, away from the tipis of the Cheyenne.

It was now agreed between Big-Eagle and the Cheyenne chief to go over to the Cheyenne warriors, and for the Skidi to be on the south side of the tipi and the Cheyenne to be on the north side of the tipi, with Big-Eagle and the Cheyenne chief sitting together in the west with the bundle containing the arrows exposed in front of them. The Cheyenne were anxious first to hear from Big-Eagle whether the young man who was now their head-chief did strike him and lance him with a spear. Big-Eagle then told the Cheyenne that if he should say anything he wanted the young man who was now head-chief to come and be present, so he could hear what he had to say. Big-Eagle told the Cheyenne chief who was sitting by him to send for the young man. So the Cheyenne chief sent for the young man, who was now head-chief, and when he came he had a robe about his body and all over his head, so that only one of his eyes could be seen. This young man was given a seat in

front of all the Cheyenne. The Cheyenne chief who was sitting by Big-Eagle spoke and said, "Chief, now tell us how you lanced Big-Eagle and struck him; Big-Eagle is a brave man; he is here with us; he is also the chief, a great chief; he will tell us straight." So the Cheyenne chief spoke and said, "As Big-Eagle was riding between the two lines of battle I rode my pony out and ran after him, until I caught up to him; then I took my spear and lanced him on the rump, and I pulled the lance out and struck him; then you all saw me running back into our line, Big-Eagle running after me; that is all." This was all told to Big-Eagle.

The Cheyenne now looked to Big-Eagle, for him to speak. Big-Eagle arose and walked up to the Cheyenne young chief and took hold of the robe he had about his head and threw it off from his head. Big Eagle said: "I am a man and when I talk to men I do not want to talk to men dressed like a woman, who hides under her robes." The Cheyenne, seeing all this performance, made a hissing, whistling noise at their chief, for they knew that the Cheyenne chief must have lied. Big-Eagle made a motion to the Cheyenne and told them in sign language that he was a man (the sign was given by extending the first finger downward, the thumb and other fingers clenched, and the hand placed next to the penis signifying that he had a penis too), saying, "All of you are men, and brave men, I hope; now let every one of you open your eyes and look at my rump, and see if you can see any scar on it. If there is any scar upon my rump then you may know that he told the truth; if there is no scar upon my rump you may know that the young man has lied."

Big-Eagle was dressed as he was dressed in battle, with buck-skin leggings, with scalps hanging upon the sides, and the red strouding shirt; he wore also the wampum beads, and the feather in his hair. As he was standing before the Skidi and Cheyenne, he slipped the breech-cloth from his belt in front and took it off behind. He told the Cheyenne to look well, and if any thought there were scars upon his rump, to come and feel of him. None of the Cheyenne spoke, nor rose to feel of his rump, for they were now hissing at their chief; they knew that he had lied. Big-Eagle put his breech-cloth on and told them that the young man had

attacked him but that he never came close enough even to touch his pony. He told them if he had touched him he would have run him to their line and would have killed him. He told the Cheyenne that as he had struck the young man twice upon his back the young man had cried, and then he had let him go.

The Cheyenne ran the young chief away from the council, tore down his tipi, and they had no more use for him. The Cheyenne chief, who was sitting by Big-Eagle, then arose and spoke: "Big-Eagle is a great chief and he is a great warrior, and we know that he is a brave man, for he counted coup several times upon our warriors. We know that Big-Eagle fought alone for his people; we were afraid of him; Big-Eagle has spoken to us, he has spoken straight; he has stood up before us a man; he truly is a brave man; he was not ashamed to stand naked before us to show that what he said was true; we saw no scar; the young man admitted his lie by moving away from us like a dog; he shall be a chief no more; the Cheyenne will select a new chief; Big-Eagle, I give you the best horse I have."

The Cheyenne sat down. Big-Eagle said to the chief: "You are a chief; you give me a pony, you must not give me a pony in words, but bring the pony before me so that I may take the lariat with my hand, and lead it to some of these trees around and lariat it out."

The Cheyenne here and there arose and picked up a stick and walked up to Big-Eagle and gave him sticks again. As quickly as they gave him the sticks he threw them away. Some of the Cheyenne who now saw that he would not receive the sticks rode their ponies into the tipi, jumped off from them, and gave the lariat to Big-Eagle.

Now the chief said, "Big-Eagle, it is time that we see the arrows." Big-Eagle said: "It is not time; you promised me many ponies; I have received few ponies, but many sticks." But the Cheyenne begged Big-Eagle so hard that he promised them he would show them one arrow.

When the time came for the Cheyenne to see their arrow, one of the Cheyenne arose and, addressing all, said, "Brothers, lay your bows and arrows and your knives to one side; we are going

to see something that we look upon as sacred." Big-Eagle stood up and said, "When Tiráwa first created man he gave him the bow and arrows to hold on to, wherever he is; I am not a woman that you should tell me to lay my bow and arrows to one side; I am a warrior, and a brave one, and I hold on to my bow and arrows; they are mine, not yours; you are not my chief that you should command me to lay these things to one side; you people are tricky, you have showed it in the past, so that I cannot trust you. If I lay my bow and arrows aside, what will you do? You will try to kill my warriors and try to kill me if I am not armed and have no bow and arrows to defend myself. When I show you your arrow, if you show any treachery, if you kill any of my warriors, this chief whom I am sitting by shall die by the hand of Big-Eagle."

The Cheyenne grunted. They were afraid of him. So Big-Eagle unwrapped the arrow and spread the robe in front of the Cheyenne and placed the red arrow upon the robe. When Big-Eagle walked back toward his seat, with his back toward the arrow, a young Cheyenne, stark naked, jumped from the crowd of the Cheyenne, ran where the arrow was lying, picked it up, and ran away with it. It was done so quickly that the Skidi and Big-Eagle hardly knew what had happened.

Big-Eagle was angry. He told the Cheyenne that he could not give up the other arrow, for they had played a trick on him, as he had expected them to do. The Cheyenne acted as if they were going out to hunt the man who took the arrow, but really they were not looking for him.

The Cheyenne, thinking that they could get the other arrow by getting Big-Eagle drunk, then brought a little whiskey which the Cheyenne had captured from some emigrants and placed it before Big-Eagle and the Cheyenne chief. Big-Eagle drank of the whiskey; so did the Cheyenne chief. Big-Eagle called the Cheyenne names, called them cowards and women for running away with the arrow. The Cheyenne tried to fight him, and when they tried to fight him the Skidi warriors were right there to help; but Big-Eagle jumped upon the head-chief of the Cheyenne and pounded him. The Skidi expected to have a fight that night, but there was no fight.

The next day the Cheyenne chief invited Big-Eagle to eat with him. The Cheyenne also invited several of his brave men. While they were eating, the Cheyenne chief spoke, and said: "My brother, Spotted-Horse (Big-Eagle), your coming here has made me great; I am a chief again; I am glad to have been bruised upon my body and upon my head by the hand of a great chief; the Cheyenne cannot hiss at me and make fun of me, for they know what kind of a man you are." The braves of the Cheyenne spoke, and said: "What the chief said is true; he is now a great chief."

Big-Eagle told the Cheyenne that he was not going to give up the other arrow, for they had not treated him right, and he wanted the Cheyenne to bring the ponies to him, for he was going to return to his country. The Cheyenne brought many ponies to Big-Eagle, and he at once started for his country.

After he had been gone two or three days, Big-Eagle found out that some of his warriors had stayed behind. When Big-Eagle returned to his village and had been home for four days it was told to him that the men who stayed behind were coming with many ponies; they were men who had been with Big-Eagle, and although Big-Eagle and the Cheyenne chief had made peace, the Pawnee warriors had remained behind and had captured many Cheyenne ponies.

The black arrow was not taken with him on this trip and it was always kept in the Morning-Star bundle. The arrow is still in this bundle and the arrow may be seen only early in the spring, when the thunder first sounds, for at this time the bundle may be opened. This bundle is at this time in the keeping of Tchupirikata (White-Star), daughter of Big-Eagle.